# Happy

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# Happy

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal doesn't exactly know where he stands with Will, after the Fall. But he's come to fear that he's never made Will happy.

Notes

hes my little guy cries

See the end of the work for more notes

There are many words that could be used to describe my relationship with Will Graham. ‘Intense’. ‘Tragic’. ‘Irritating’, depending on the person being asked. I would be the first to admit that ‘Joyful’ is not one of them.

Not for lack of pleasure, at least on my side of our bond. Will brings me endless joy, he always has. Sometimes playful, sometimes pure. Always sincere. I have never, in the five or so years I’ve known him, had to pretend that I was pleased to see him. That in and of itself sets him apart from anyone I’ve known since I was a child.

He offered me time to reflect, though. Ample time. Too much, maybe. I walked the path of us, back and forth and back again, and studied what I found. I came to worry over what I saw.

I fear that he doesn’t know. He knows that I love him, certainly. That I would move Heaven and Earth for him. I have no doubt. But does he know how much he cheers me? How light of heart I feel, whenever he’s near? The song we share has always been a grim one, that much I know. More a funerary tune than a wedding waltz.

Moreover it’s clear to me that he’s come to view me as a penance. A curse he must bear, his eternal burden. It hurt me, to be reminded of this after so long. I stood in my prison cell, the cage I’d placed myself in for him and him alone, and he looked at me with disdain in his eyes. I wanted to pluck them out. I wanted to grovel. Does he know?

He and I have been healing for some time, now. Licking the wounds made by Will’s latest attempt to free himself from me. I thought I’d lost him, that night. He nearly drowned. I don’t know what I would have done, if I’d found myself without him. Free from my prison but suffering more than ever. It’s a disquieting thought. I try to avoid letting it fester.

I sit at his bedside, loyal as a hound. My injuries are many, but I find myself unable to sleep. I rest as much as I am able, making myself comfortable and minimizing activity, but true slumber evades me. Anxiety, perhaps. An ever-nagging fear that I shall wake to find Will gone from me once more.

Will, on the other hand, sleeps like a stone. It’s funny, I’ve always known him to be a restless creature. Plagued by his thoughts, hunted by his perversions even in his dreams. He sleeps soundly, here. Not so much as a twitching eyelid or bead of sweat.

The drugs could have been blamed for that, before. I’d assumed it was the drugs. I might not have the access that I once did, but all of my safe houses are well-equipped for situations such as this. One can never be over-prepared. But I’ve been weaning him off of the medicine these past few days, and still he sleeps.

Will and I haven’t had the opportunity to speak properly, yet. He wakes once, sometimes twice daily, but he’s dazed. He offers me the same few phrases, usually. Are we alone, is anyone coming for us, are we alright. Always ‘we’. I tell him yes, we are alone. No, no one is coming. I am in pain but I am stable, he will be alright once he’s had some more rest. It settles him, he drifts off again.

He stirs in his sleep, suddenly. I sit forward in my chair, eager, waiting. Will's eyes flutter open, clear and alert for the first time since our fall. I brace myself, try to calm my heart. I have no idea what to expect, what to brace myself for.

Will looks at me, blinks, realizes that I have been waiting for him. He smiles.

End Notes

thanks so much as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops for the support!!!

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